Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare:
Wake, when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander: *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfor of the day.

Her. Bet it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay god *Lyſander*: for my ſake, my deere
Ly further off, yet; doe not lye ſo neere.

Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours it knit;
So that but one heart wee can make of it:
Two boſomes interchained with an oath:
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny:
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily.
Now much beſhrewe my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lyed.
But gentle friend, for loue and curteſie,
Ly further off, in humane modeſty:
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid
Becomes a vertuous batcheler, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweete friend:
Thy loue nere alter till thy ſweete life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty.
Heere is my bed: ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

With

Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the forreſt haue I gone:
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence. Who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is hee (my maſter ſaide)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty ſowle, ſhe durſt not lye,
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throwe
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let loue forbidde
Sleepe, his ſeat, on thy eye lidde.
So awake, when I am gon:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay; though thou kill mee, ſweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus

Hele. O, wilt thou darkling leaue me? doe not ſo.

De. Stay, on thy perill: I alone will goe.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chaſe,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happie is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies:
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:
For beaſtes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.
Therefore, no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe, as a monſter, fly my preſence, thus.